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With Four-Page Supplement: **SIXPENCE.**  
The Situation in the Near East.

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## FROM HALF-PAY LIEUTENANT TO KING OF BULGARIA: FERDINAND, RULER OF THE NEW KINGDOM.

The Ruler of Bulgaria was born on February 26, 1861. When Bulgaria was made a State, Prince Alexander of Battenberg was chosen as its Prince. For seven years he worked hard to increase the welfare of the people; then, tired of the intrigues against him, he abdicated. Prince Ferdinand, then a Lieutenant in the Austrian Army, was selected to take his place, and it is this Prince who has become, by his own proclamation, King of the Bulgarians. Ferdinand took the oath as Prince of Bulgaria at Tirnovo, and there also the independence was announced. The new King married Princess Marie Louise, daughter of the Duke of Parma, in April 1893. The heir to the title, Prince Boris, was born in 1894; and in 1899 the Princess died. In February of this year Ferdinand married a second time, choosing as his wife Princess Eleonore of Reuss-Kostritz.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY PIETZNER.]



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT." AT THE NEW.

FOR a play that runs to five acts, Mr. Roy Horniman's social extravaganza, "Bellamy the Magnificent," possesses an extremely slight scheme. There are but two characters of first-rate importance in the story, and it is their relations which constitute all its drama. Of these, one, the titular character, is a leader of the world of fashion, the best dressed of modern dandies, the most irresistible of lady-killers. For his "turn-out," however, he is totally dependent on his valet, for the latter in the matter of elegance makes his master. Apart from his genius in the matter of dress, the lackey has a perfect manner, is a model of thoughtfulness, discretion, and quiet deference. All goes well with Lord Bellamy till the valet discovers that his master has commissioned him to take a letter to his (the servant's) wife—the head of a millinery establishment; then he vows vengeance. A quaint scene follows, in which the peer's wooing of the dressmaker is overheard not only by the valet, but also by his Lordship's wife and by a married friend of hers who is another of the philanderer's conquests. This is one of the most ingenious and amusing scenes of a play compact of theatrical ingenuity and entertaining comedy. But here is but the first stage of a long duel between the dandy and the valet, the artist and his creation. The plot would occupy little time to play out were the scenes in which it is presented knit closely. But there is a variety of interpolations. Still, say what one may of the play's thinness of plot, of the theatricality of its card-scene, of its being a story of one man and his foil, it certainly provides a splendid part for Sir Charles Wyndham. Our master-comedian's air of authority, his persuasiveness in love-making, his subtle changes of inflexion, his aplomb and suggestion of nerve have never been displayed to better advantage; as Bellamy he is irresistible, he is magnificent. And he could not have a better foil as the valet than Mr. Loraine, subdued while the lackey, raspingly ferocious when he is no longer the servant. Miss Fortescue, Miss Sarah Brooke, Mr. Paul Arthur, and Mr. Vane Tempest all give valuable support; but the two principals make the play, and it will be interesting to see whether Sir Charles's admirers can bear a piece which ends, for his part, in tragedy.

"THE LAST HEIR." AT THE ADELPHI.

Necessarily romantic in tone, and almost as necessarily old-fashioned in technique, Mr. Stephen Phillips's new version of "The Bride of Lammermoor" has one great recommendation as compared with previous adaptations. Since the original story—strongly reminiscent of "Romeo and Juliet"—turns on a feud of families and passionate vows of vengeance, on the misunderstandings of lovers and the harsh despotism of parents thwarting true love, on a forced marriage and an interrupted wedding scene, it is not surprising, perhaps, that the poet-playwright in his prose rendering should employ the machinery of the soliloquy and the long rhetorical speech or tirade. What is a little hard to forgive him is the clumsy way in which, in all sorts of odd places, he drags on repeatedly his trio of witches to suggest the atmosphere of doom that hangs over the "last heir" and his house. But this much, at any rate, must be said in Mr. Phillips's favour—that he has avoided the monotony which has made other dramatisations of Scott's novel so depressingly dismal. His elaboration of the character of Craigengelt into a kind of Pistol, possessed of a dash of Falstaffian humour, and his inclusion in his scheme of a pretty love-scene between Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, serve to relieve very agreeably, in his second act, the pressure of what must, of course, be tragedy. The plot of the piece need surely not be described, for even such playgoers as do not know their Scott may recall Mr. Herman Merivale's "Ravenswood" of eighteen years ago at the Lyceum, or must have seen the operatic version, "Lucia," with its heroine's famous mad-scene. Mr. Phillips has produced a very workmanlike version on conventional lines. Mr. Harvey has had few more telling parts than that of Edgar. His voice catches the note of melancholy and predestined fate in the play's grimmer passages, of joy and tenderness in the interlude of love-making, and of sorrowful reproach in the scene of upbraiding, and though he is charming rather than passionate, and somewhat lades out his rhetoric, his Edgar is always a sympathetic hero, never quite an egoist. His support, too, was good.

"THE HON'BLE PHIL." AT THE HICKS.

Musical comedies nowadays so rarely take permanent shape until they have been played for some weeks that it is becoming impossible to judge them by a first-night performance. If that standard were adopted in considering the new piece, of which Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Herbert Clayton are authors, one would have to say that "The Hon'ble Phil" contains scarcely even that slight semblance of a story which is all one asks of its kind, has hardly a suggestion of wit in either its dialogue or its lyrics, is equipped with music that is only moderately tuneful, and, to put it roundly, about reaches the "limit" of inconsequence, pointlessness, and insipidity. Yet so capable of transformation and recovery is musical comedy that all this may be changed in a short while if those concerned in the new production at the Hicks will set themselves resolutely to the task of overhauling the piece. For they have got something to work upon. The environment of their story, a plateau of the imaginary island of St. Angelo overlooking the sea, is picturesque; the costumes and groupings of its peasants and fisher-folk are very happily designed; Mr. Huntley has given himself a characteristic part in the rôle of a lounging, good-natured, irresponsible Englishman, with eye-glass, Turf jokes, and a brainless, "haw-haw" manner; and the author-comedian has collected round him a very competent company. Mr. Horace Mills' portrait of a Cockney valet, in the Weedon Grossmith style, is the smartest thing in the whole entertainment.

## TALKS WITH TOM BINGLEY:

DURING THE RECESS.

BY G. S. STREET.

XXXIII.—PROBLEMS AND SPEECHES.

"COME, Tom," said I, "the Session approaches. Pull yourself together. Put away holiday things. Think of the serious problems before you as a legislator. Fix your mind on Mr. Asquith." "Just what I'm doing," said he, looking up from his Sunday paper; "excellent speech. He says if we're to make any progress we must take human nature as it is, not as it might be if it were cast in a new mould. Now, that's good, sensible talk." "Yes," said I, "exceedingly helpful and useful." Perhaps the sudden attack of my old enemy the glorious weather had made me a little irritable and inclined to carp. They tell me the sultry gusts come from the Arabian Desert, but I believe they come from an even hotter place: they smell of brimstone. That as it may be; I am at no time an admirer of generalisations in politics. "Yes," I continued; "and your hypnotic content with the platitude explains how it is that this unhappy country continues to be run by inefficient amateurs—on both sides. The comfortable Englishman is touched or alarmed by the discomfort of his fellow-countrymen, but some irrelevant generalisation makes him quite happy at once. You go to your eminent statesman and point out the existing distress in the country, and the certainty of its increase in the coming winter. Your eminent statesman, like you, is touched or alarmed, and has the best intentions possible. But he does not know what to do, and so he naturally falls back on the power of words and phrases which has so stoutly helped him in his career. 'Yes, gentlemen,' says he, 'the situation is deplorable, and I can assure you that to alleviate it is the very earnest intention, as indeed it is the manifest duty, of the Government. It is a problem very near to our hearts. But we must never forget, I would urge you, gentlemen, never for a moment to forget, that there are seven days, and seven days only, in the week. I will go further, and say boldly, to whatever misconception the statement may lay me open—I will, I repeat, say boldly that Christmas Day is on the 25th, not the 26th, or the 24th of December. And my opinion—I give it for what it is worth, as my opinion merely and not as necessarily, though I think probably, expressing the opinion of my colleagues—my opinion, gentlemen, my opinion, my Lord Mayor, is that when we have weathered next Tuesday we shall be confronted with Wednesday. And there, gentlemen, I will for the moment leave this difficult and most important question.' Loud cheers; and you go away, my poor Tom, convinced that your eminent statesman is going to do something satisfactory, and murmuring, 'What a fine intellect!' And perhaps the worst of it all is that the eminent man does not roar with laughter as soon as he's alone, but really believes he has said something, and is bravely facing his immense responsibilities. Poor old England!"

Reading over this little effort of satire, it seems to me to be rather effective. It did not, however, impress Tom. He fell back on that other comfortable characteristic of the nation—that of always supposing satire to be a bit of fun, devised for its amusement. "Rather good," said he indulgently; "really quite amusing. But it's not in the least like Asquith's speech. You haven't read it." "No," I admitted, "but I divine it, with the instinct of an artist." "Instinct of an artist be hanged! Beastly unfair. He's quite practical about the unemployed question, which, I suppose, is the big domestic job we've got in front of us. And so are the other fellows. What could be more to the point than what they've done? McKenna comes forward and hurries up the shipbuilding programme to employ more men at once, and Haldane comes forward and invites 17,000 men for six months' training. And still, I suppose, you're not satisfied." "Not entirely, because it doesn't cover all the ground, but I admit both men have done the right thing. My only doubt about the military part is the air it has of soldiering being the last resort of men who can't get any other job. It seems to me the other regular professional soldiers might object to that." "Skittles!" said Tom, and I hope he is right; "the idea would never occur to them if you writing beggars didn't suggest it. They've far too much sense and comradeship for that." "Very good, Tom, but these are only palliatives. What else are you going to do?" "Oh, you wait and see," said he vaguely, and so I suppose I must.

"Talking of speeches, Tom, I read Mr. Harcourt's with much edification. What sort of reputation has he in the House?" "Very popular, always says something amusing, and then he's got such a pleasant, amiable manner." "Has he? I wonder if you'll find him changed at all when you get back. Perhaps the heat annoys him as it does me. Perhaps he's simply trying his tongue at strong language as an experiment." I turned up the speech. "He speaks of a 'small class of publicists who for selfish and unpatriotic ends desire to set the nations at variance'—that is, England and Germany. I don't believe there are such publicists. If there are, perhaps he is right in calling them 'the foot-pads of politics and the enemies of the human race'; but if he means the writers who point out a danger which the great majority of people with knowledge on the subject recognise, if he means Mr. Maxse and his like—to say nothing of Lord Cromer—it is going rather far. And when he talks of 'the yapping of those pariah curs who foul the kennel in which they live,' I should really like to know to whom he refers. Do you?" "Haven't an idea," said Tom; "they must be pretty bad if they deserve all that. I like a good bit of invective, though." "So do I, Tom, but when it goes as far as that I think its objective should have some definiteness. Abuse at large is a little childish. Could he really mean Mr. Maxse?" "Oh, probably the objective was really the heat, and having to make a speech in this lovely weather." And again I hoped Tom was right.



THE MAN WHO DESTROYED

PHOTOGRAPH



THE BERLIN TREATY.

BY CROCE.



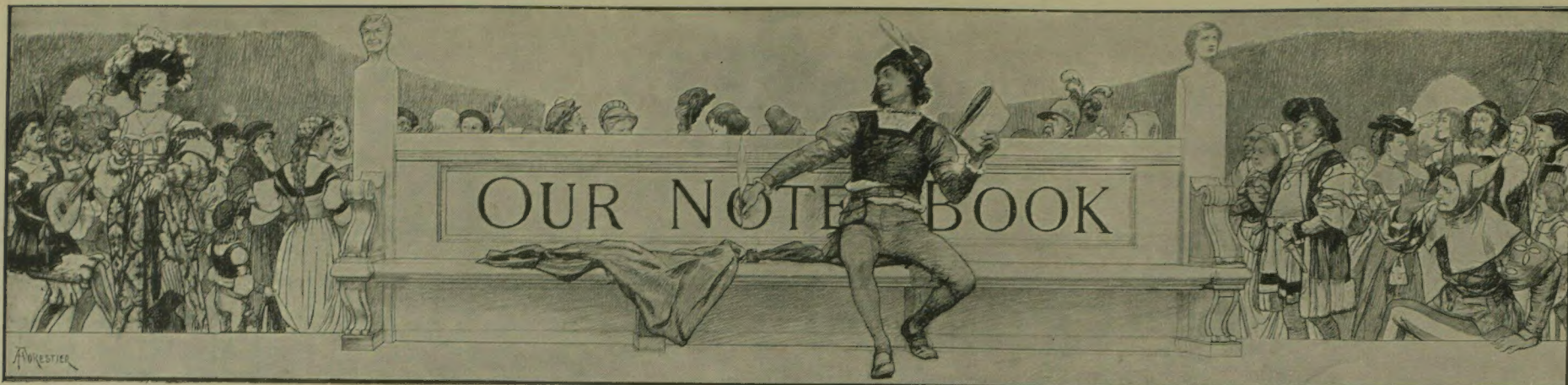
Signor Tittoni.

Baron von Aehrenthal.

BARON VON AEHRENTHAL, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS (WITH SIGNOR TITTONI, ITALIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS).

It is generally accepted that Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Imperial and Royal House, is responsible for the destruction of the Berlin Treaty. As the "Telegraph" puts it: "The hand that tore the venerable document was Prince Ferdinand's, but the voice that set it in motion was the voice of Baron von Aehrenthal. Austria and Bulgaria now stand together as conspiring Powers, which, for their own ends, have risked, and possibly broken, the peace of Europe. That fact will be indelibly written on the tablets of Europe's history, and Baron Aehrenthal, who, but three years ago, was everywhere lauded as a safe statesman, intent on basing his policy on European equilibrium, and shaping the national aims, as far as possible, in accordance with European interests, is now become the international mischief-maker of Europe." Signor Tittoni, speaking on Tuesday, said: "To Italy one thing alone is of supreme importance, that peace should be preserved amidst whatever changes may happen in the Balkan peninsula, and particularly that the balance of power should not be disturbed to Italy's damage."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE news that some Europeans have been wrecked on a desert island is gratifying, in so far as it shows that there are still some desert islands for us to be wrecked on. Moreover, it is also interesting because these, the latest facts, actually support the oldest stories. For instance, superior critics have often sniffed at the labours of Robinson Crusoe, specifically upon the ground that he depended so much upon stores from the sunken wreck. But these actual people shipwrecked a few weeks ago depended entirely upon them; and yet the critics might not have cared for the billet. A few years ago, when physical science was still taken seriously, a very clever boys' book was written, called "Perseverance Island." It was written in order to show how "Robinson Crusoe" ought to have been written. In this story, the wrecked man gained practically nothing from the wreck. He made everything out of the brute materials of the island. He was, I think, allowed the advantage of some broken barrels washed up from the wreck with a few metal hoops round them. It would have been rather hard on the poor man to force him to make a copper-mine or a tin-mine. After all, the process of making everything that one wants cannot be carried too far in this world. We have all saved something from the ship. At the very least, there was something that Crusoe could not make on the island; there was something Crusoe was forced to steal from the wreck; I mean Crusoe. That precious bale, in any case, he brought ashore; that special cargo called "R. C.," at least, did not originate in the island. It was a free import, and not a native manufacture. Crusoe might be driven to make his own trousers on the island. But he was not driven to make his own legs on the island; if that had been his first technical job he might have approached it with a hesitation not unconnected with despair. Even the pessimist when he thinks, if he ever does, must realise that he has something to be thankful for: he owes something to the world, as Crusoe did to the ship. You may regard the universe as a wreck; but at least you have saved something from the wreck.

As a matter of fact, of course, it is quite unfair to compare "Robinson Crusoe" with such boys' books as "Perseverance Island," or even "The Swiss Family Robinson," not only because it is much greater literature, but because it is literature with an entirely different aim. To lump it with the others because they all occurred on a desert island is no better than lumping "Wuthering Heights" with "Northanger Abbey" because both concern an old country house, or bracketing "Salem Chapel" with "Notre Dame de Paris" because they are both about a church. "Robinson Crusoe" is not a story of adventure; rather it is a story of the absence of adventure—that is, in the first and best part of it. Twice Crusoe runs away to sea in disobedience, and twice escapes with wreck or other peril; the third time we feel that he is set apart for some strange judgment by God. And the strange judgment is the great central and poetical idea of "Robinson Crusoe." It is a visitation not of danger, but of a dreadful security. The salvage of Crusoe's goods, the comparative comfort of his life, the natural riches of his island, his human relations with many of the animals—all this is an exquisitely artistic setting for the awful idea of a man whom God has cast out from among men. A mere scurry of adventures would have

left Crusoe no time for thinking; and the whole object of the book is to make Crusoe think. It is true that, later in the story, Defoe entangles him with Indians and Spaniards; and for that very reason I think the story loses the naked nobility of its original idea. It is absurd to compare a book like this with ordinary jolly stories about schooners and palm-trees, cutlasses and scalps. It was not an adventurous life, but an unadventurous life that was the doom and curse of Crusoe.

But this, perhaps, is wandering from the subject—if there is a subject. Let us try to get back to the desert island, and the moral to be drawn from all the happy Australians and their adventure. The first

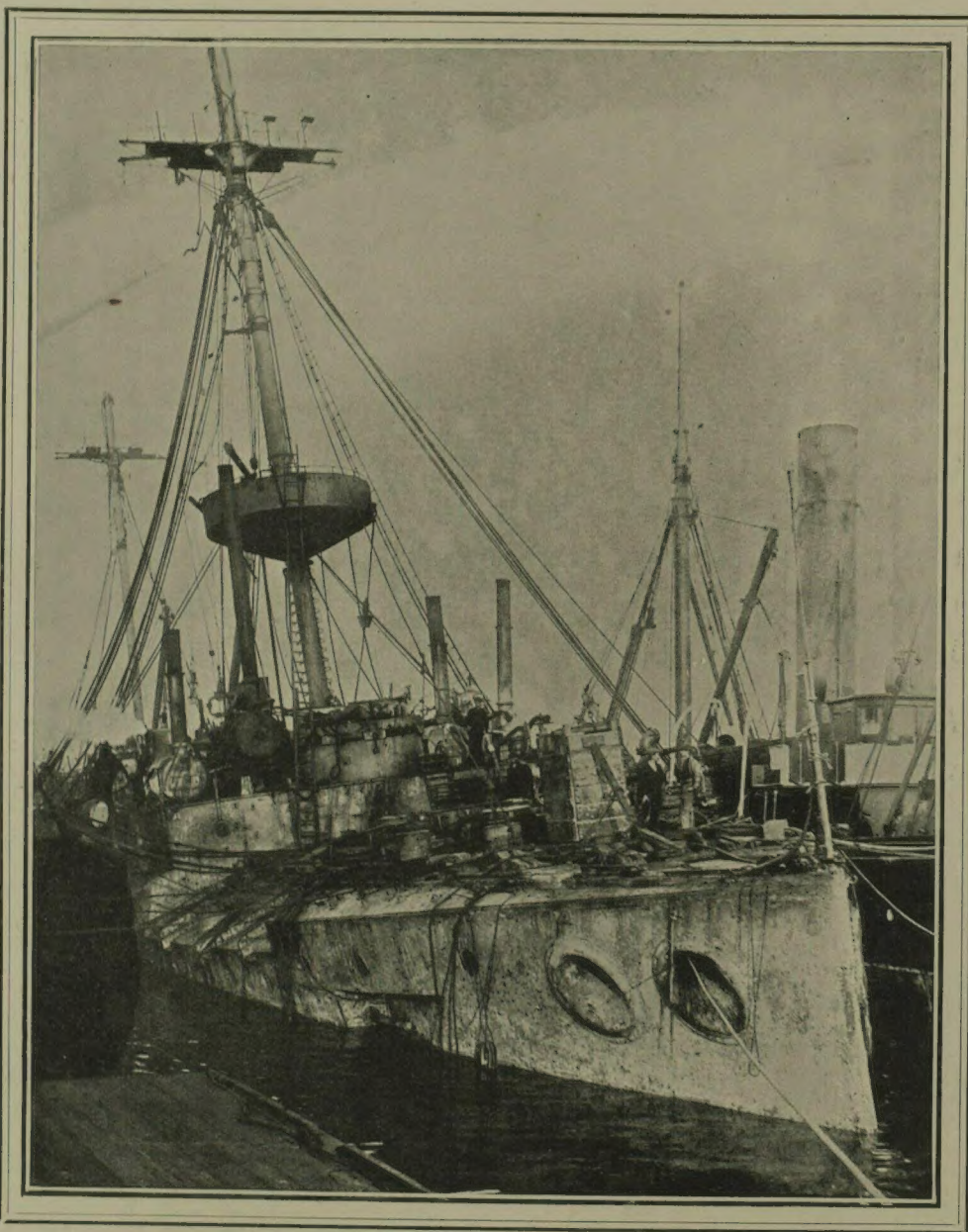
The feeling partly arises from an idea which is at the root of all the arts—the idea of separation. Romance seeks to divide certain people from the lump of humanity, as the statue is divided from the lump of marble. We read a good novel not in order to know more people, but in order to know fewer. Instead of the humming swarm of human beings, relatives, customers, servants, postmen, afternoon callers, tradesmen, strangers who tell us the time, strangers who remark on the weather, beggars, waiters, and telegraph-boys—instead of this bewildering human swarm which passes us every day, fiction asks us to follow one figure (say the postman) consistently through his ecstasies and agonies. That is what makes one so

impatient with that type of pessimistic rebel who is always complaining of the narrowness of his life, and demanding a larger sphere. Life is too large for us as it is: we have all too many things to attend to. All true romance is an attempt to simplify it, to cut it down to plainer and more pictorial proportions. What dullness there is in our life arises mostly from its rapidity: people pass us too quickly to show us their interesting side. By the end of the week we have talked to a hundred bores; whereas, if we had stuck to one of them, we might have found ourselves talking to a new friend, or a humourist, or a murderer, or a man who had seen a ghost.

I do not believe that there are any ordinary people. That is, I do not believe that there are any people whose lives are really humdrum or whose characters are really colourless. But the trouble is that one can so quickly see them all in a lump, like a land surveyor, and it would take so long to see them one by one as they really are, like a great novelist. Looking out of the window, I see a very steep little street, with a row of prim little houses breaking their necks downhill in the most decorous single file. If I were landlord of that street, or agent for that street, or policeman at the corner of that street, or visiting philanthropist making myself objectionable down that street, I could easily take it all in at a glance, sum it all up, and say, "Houses at £40 a year." But suppose I could be father confessor to that street, how awful and altered it would look! Each house would be sundered from its neighbour as by an earthquake, and would stand alone in a wilderness of the soul. I should know that in this house a man was going mad with drink, that in that a man had kept single for a woman, that in the

next a woman was on the edge of abysses, that in the next a woman was living an unknown life which might in more devout ages have been gilded in hagiographies and made the fountain of miracles. People talk much of the quarrel between science and religion; but the deepest difference is that the individual is so much bigger than the average, that the inside of life is much larger than the outside.

Often when riding with three or four strangers on the top of an omnibus I have felt a wild impulse to throw the driver off his seat, to seize his whip, to drive the omnibus far out into the country, and tip them all out into a field, and say, "We may never meet again in this world; come, let us understand each other." I do not affirm that the experiment would succeed, but I think the impulse to do it is at the root of all the tradition of the poetry of wrecks and islands.



RAISED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: THE WRECK OF THE "GLADIATOR" AT PORTSMOUTH.

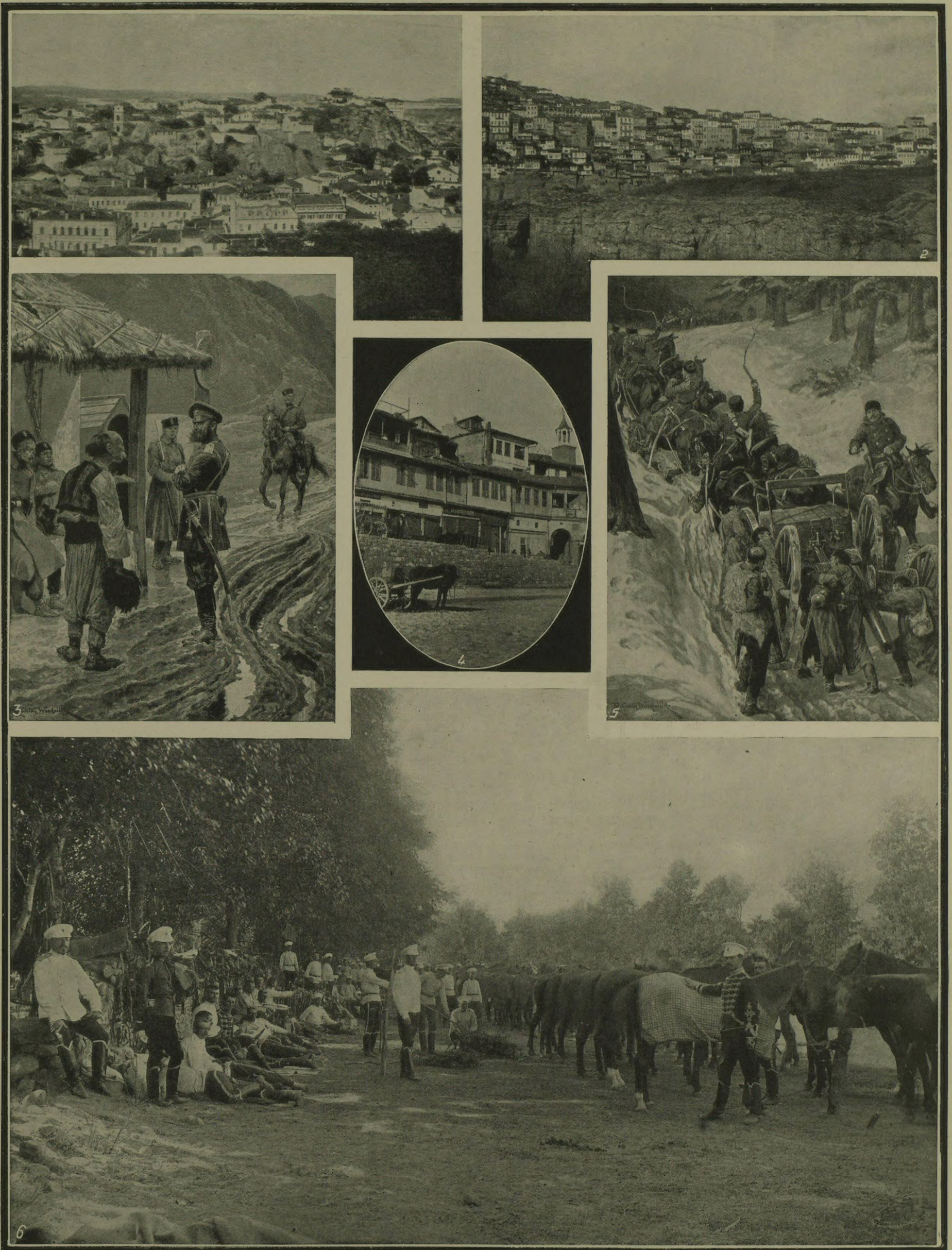
The cruiser "Gladiator" was successfully refloated on Saturday of last week, and was towed to Portsmouth.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

and most important point is this: that when one reads of these forty-five people tipped out into an empty island in the Pacific, one's first and instantaneous flash of feeling is one of envy. Afterwards one remembers that there would doubtless be inconveniences that the sun is hot, that awnings give you no shelter until you have put them up; that biscuits and tinned meat might begin to taste monotonous, and that the most adventurous person, having got on to the island, would before very long begin to turn his thoughts to the problem of getting off again. But the fact remains that before all these reflections the soul of man has said like the snap of a gun, "How jolly!" I think this instinct in humanity is somewhat interesting; it may be worth while to analyse this secret desire (seething under the top-hats of so many City clerks and country clergymen), this desire to be wrecked on an island,



# THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE NEAR EAST: THE SCENE OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF BULGARIA, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS BEARING ON THE CRISIS.



1. PHILIPPOLIS, THE CAPITAL OF EASTERN ROUMELIA, AND THE CHIEF STATION OF THE ORIENTAL RAILWAY. 2. SCENE OF THE PROCLAMATION OF BULGARIA'S INDEPENDENCE: TIRNOVO, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BULGARIA.  
3. ON THE TURCO-ROUMELIAN FRONTIER: A BULGARIAN FRONTIER-POST. 4. THE SCENE OF THE PROCLAMATION OF BULGARIA'S INDEPENDENCE IN THE MARKET PLACE, TIRNOVO. 5. TROOPS WHO WOULD OPPOSE BULGARIA IN THE EVENT OF WAR: TURKISH ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.  
6. THE NEW KING'S BODYGUARD: THE CORPS D'ELITE OF THE BULGARIAN ARMY.

Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, in which Bulgaria was proclaimed independent the other day, is of great interest. The rulers of the old empire lived there from 1186 until the place was captured by the Turks in 1393. The first Tsar of the Bulgars, Peter Asen, was crowned there, and there Prince Alexander of Battenberg was elected Sovereign after the Treaty of Berlin had declared Bulgaria an "autonomous and tributary principality under the suzerainty of the Sultan."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY DE WINDT FOR THE URBAN COMPANY, AND BY TOPICAL; DRAWINGS BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.]



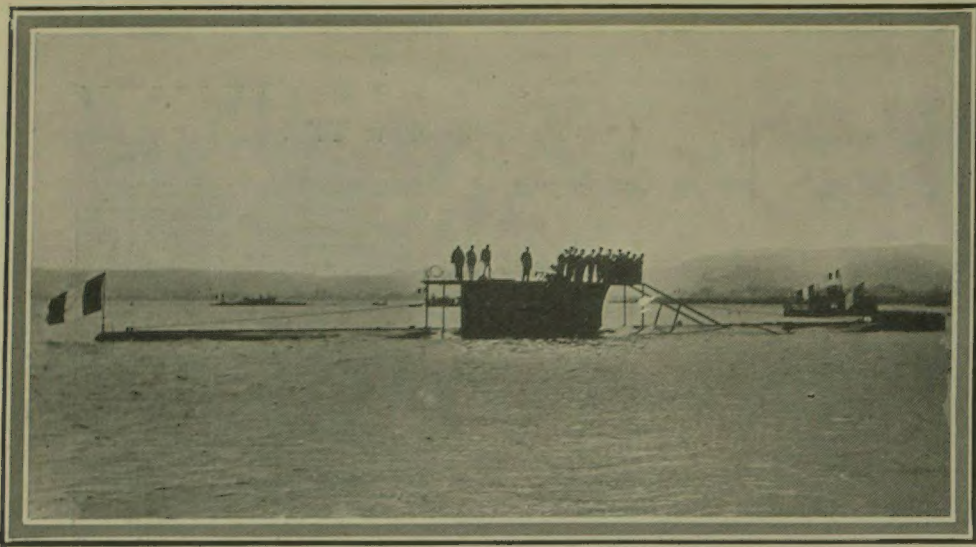


Photo. Cribb.

AN EIGHT-HUNDRED-MILE MATCH UNDER THE SEA: THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "EMERAUDE," WHICH TRAVELS CHIEFLY BENEATH THE SURFACE, AND IS TO COMPETE WITH THE SUBMERSIBLE "PLUVIOSE."

The French naval authorities have just organised a remarkable competition, an eight-hundred-miles match between the submersible "Pluviose" and the submarine "Emeraude," the idea being to test the respective values of the two types of boat. The submersible travels chiefly on the surface, and dives only when she is about to go into action; the submarine travels almost under water. The race begins and ends at Cherbourg, and the course is to Brest and Dunkirk and back.

a very adventurous life. Born in Vienna forty-seven years ago, a son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, who was son of Louis Philippe, he is a Bourbon related to the royal families of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Portugal, and Belgium. In 1886, when a Lieutenant of Hussars in the Austrian Service, he was invited to Sofia to become a candidate for election of Prince. In the following year he was elected, and since then he has worked slowly but steadily to bring about the independence of his country. His relations with his fiery Premier, Stambouloff, his intrigues with Russia, and the other salient points in his history do not need to be recapitulated.

#### The Near East.

(See Supplement.) As far as the general public is concerned, the passing week has provided the greatest political sensation of the century. On Monday afternoon, in the old church of Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, Prince Ferdinand proclaimed the independence of his country, in defiance of the Treaty of Berlin, which celebrated its thirtieth birthday in July last. It will be remembered that the Treaty of San Stefano, signed some four months earlier, in 1878, would have given Bulgaria more than half of the whole Balkan Peninsula, but would have left it in the position of a Russian dependency. The Berlin Conference reduced Bulgaria to its present limits, while giving it a Prince, an army, and several important fortresses. Prince Alexander, who was the first elected ruler of Bulgaria under the new conditions, brought about the union of Bulgaria with Eastern Roumelia, which, under the Treaty of Berlin, was to form an autonomous province, ruled by a Christian Governor, who was to be nominated by Turkey, with the assent of the Powers. When Bulgaria united with Eastern Roumelia, King Milan of Serbia declared war, but was promptly defeated. In 1886 Prince Alexander was kidnapped by Russian agents, and Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who is a grandson of Louis Philippe, ruled in his stead, with Stambouloff as Premier behind him. It will be remembered that Stambouloff was assassinated in Sofia in 1895. Since then, Russia and Bulgaria have been quite friendly, but the relations between



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE LEADER OF THE "HUNGER MARCHERS": MR. STEWART GRAY MAKING HIS SPEECH IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON SUNDAY.

That section of the unemployed which is known as the "Hunger Marchers" made a demonstration in Trafalgar Square on Sunday last, under the leadership of Mr. Stewart Gray. The demonstrators and the police came into collision, but without serious result.

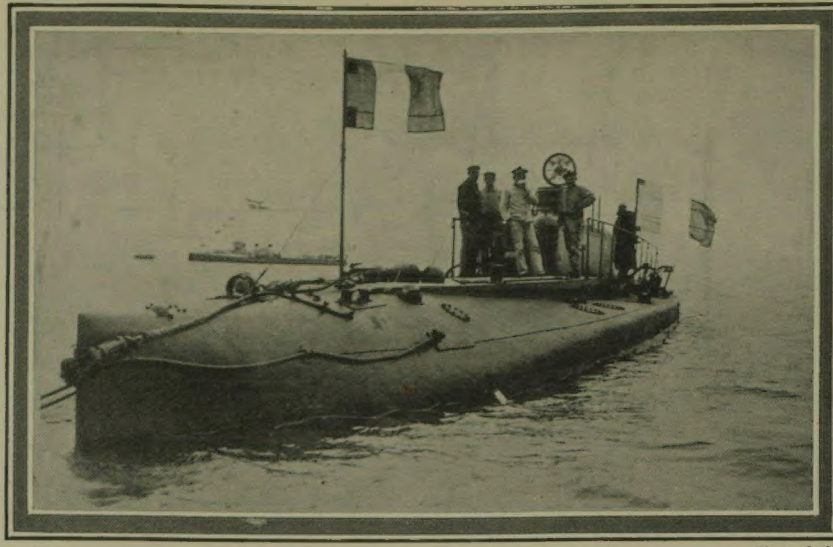


Photo. Cribb.

AN EIGHT-HUNDRED-MILE MATCH UNDER THE SEA: THE FRENCH SUBMERSIBLE "PLUVIOSE," WHICH TRAVELS CHIEFLY ON THE SURFACE, AND IS TO COMPETE WITH THE SUBMARINE "EMERAUDE."

The submersible "Pluviose" has two engines, each of 350 h.p. At her trials she made a speed of 12.34 knots on the surface and 8.5 knots below the surface. The submarine "Emeraude" has petrol motors of 340 h.p. each, and at her trials developed a speed of 12 knots on the surface and 9.1 under the surface. Her radius of action is 1500 miles. It will be noted that the "Pluviose" has no conning-tower, but that the "Emeraude" has one.

Bulgaria and Turkey have been strained for some time past, and Bulgarian action in the last week or so has been distinctly provocative. It is alleged in London and Paris, not without justification, that both Austria and Germany have urged Bulgaria to take her present action. Germany saw that her influence with Turkey could not survive the break-up of the old régime, which threatened to make British counsels predominant in Constantinople; and Austria saw that a united Turkish Empire with liberal institutions would threaten her hold upon Bosnia and Herzegovina, and make her dreams of an advance to Salonika more difficult to materialise. So Austria and Germany made common cause. Following immediately upon Bulgaria's declaration of independence came a formal notification by the Kaiser Franz Josef that Bosnia and Herzegovina will in future be part of the kingdom of Austria-Hungary, the terms of annexation being expressed carefully to avoid disputes in the dual Empire. The Imperial Suzerainty and the Pragmatic Sanction are extended over the occupied province, while, to tranquillise the Turk, the Sandjak of Novi Bazar is being abandoned by the Austrian troops. It is stated that an International Conference will take place shortly in Paris, when the Treaty of Berlin will be revised in the light of recent happenings. It is anticipated that Russia will claim access to the Mediterranean as the price of her acquiescence in recent changes. The position of Turkey is one of extreme difficulty, for the peaceful revolution that has been accomplished in the past few months has been associated with very considerable disorganisation in the Services, and if Turkey were to go to war now, it would be without seeing the possible limits of the adventure. Curiously enough, if Austria and Bulgaria had taken their present action six months ago Turkey would have been called upon to face the situation without a friend. While the state of Turkey's internal affairs was as bad as it could possibly be the Treaty of Berlin was respected, but the prospect of a regenerate Turkey would seem to have been fatal to the morals of certain signatories to the document with which the name of Lord Beaconsfield is so firmly associated. The immediate future is full of uncertainty; but the odds are in favour of peace.



Photo. Sport and General.

WOODEN HOUSES IN MODERN LONDON: THE BUILDINGS NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, WHICH ARE ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

The illustration shows some of the very few wooden houses that are still to be found in the heart of London, and these are now going the way of their kind, for they are about to be demolished. They were built about 275 years ago, and are in Collingwood Street, Southwark.



Photo. S. Paul.

THE BURNING OF WIMBORNE ST. GILES'S PARISH CHURCH, AFTER THE FIRE, SHOWING THE TOMB OF SIR ANTHONY ASHLEY, KNIGHT.

The parish church of Wimborne St. Giles, the burial-place of the Earls of Shaftesbury, was destroyed by fire last week. A number of the oak seats and a good deal of portable property were removed from the church before the roof fell in. The outbreak started in the tower, where workmen were repairing the roof.



# BACK FROM DEATH: THE CRIPPLED "GLADIATOR" ON HER FLOATING CRUTCHES.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



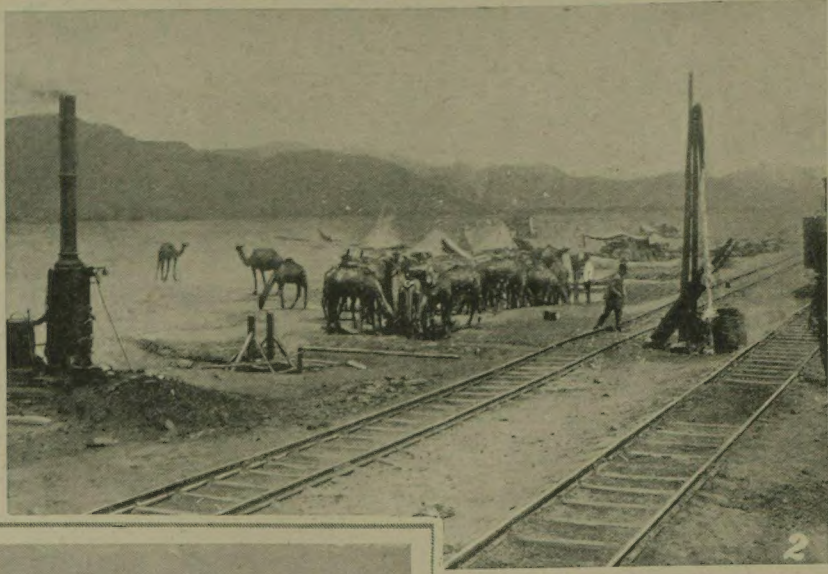
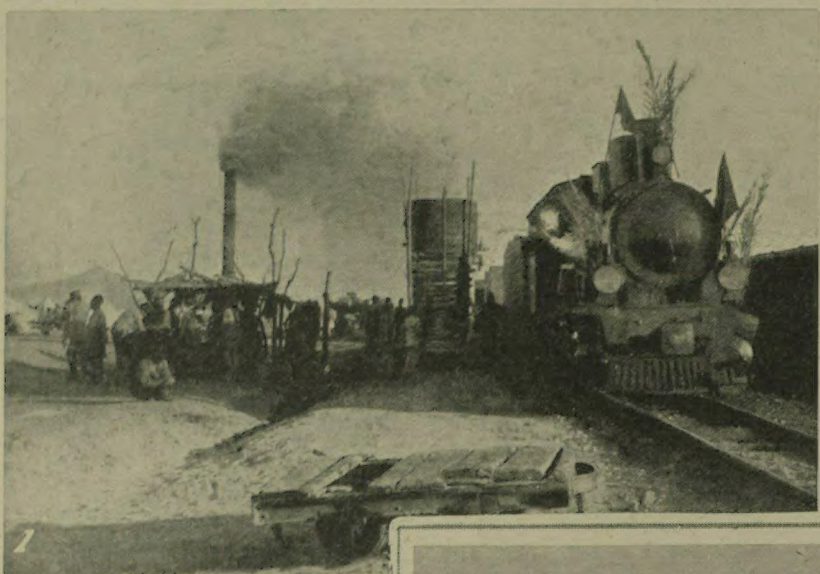
THE END OF A REMARKABLE SALVAGE FEAT: THE WRECK OF THE "GLADIATOR" BEING TOWED FROM YARMOUTH TO PORTSMOUTH.

The sunken "Gladiator" was raised on Saturday last, was refloated, and was towed from the scene of her sinking off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, to Portsmouth. The Liverpool salvage-steamer "Ranger" took up a position on the starboard side of the vessel, and the steamer "Enterprise" and a lighter were moored on the port side. The "Gladiator" was made fast to these by means of wire hawsers, and so used them as crutches to keep herself steady. The actual towing was done by four tugs, and about five knots an hour were made.



## PILGRIMAGE MADE EASY: THE SACRED LINE TO MEDINA.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE RAILWAY BETWEEN DAMASCUS AND MEDINA.

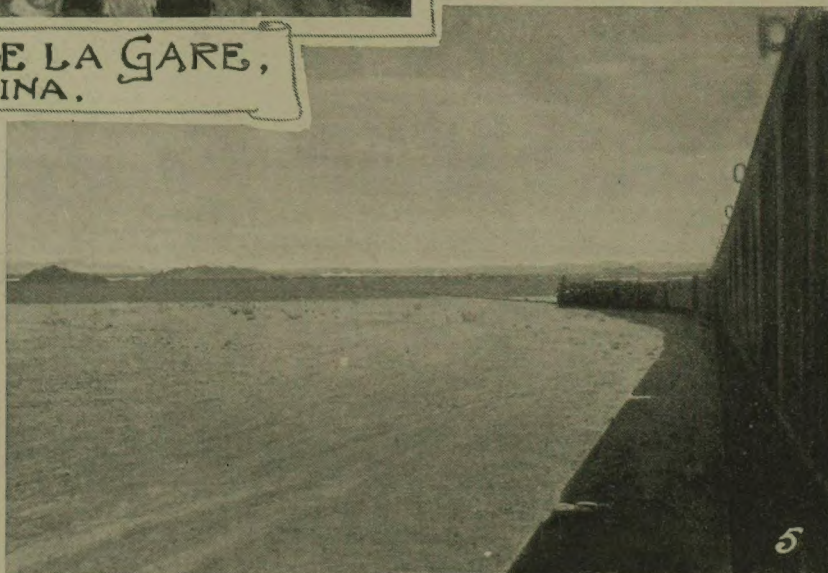


THE Hedjaz Railway is a remarkable undertaking. Not only does it link Damascus with Medina, the city that, in the eyes of Mahomedans, is second only in sanctity to Mecca itself, but it has been regarded from its inception as a sacred work. It is, perhaps, the only Turkish enterprise in which bribery and corruption have not had place, for those concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest, dared give nothing but their best to an enterprise so closely associated with their religion. The line, moreover, was built with the moneys subscribed by Mahomedans the world over. It is likely that the railway will be continued to Mecca, and in his speech at the inauguration, Mukhtar Bey promised that he would use every endeavour to secure this end. The actual opening ceremony was performed by the Grand Mufti of Damascus, and some interesting speeches followed. In the course of his remarks Ali Kiamil said: "We are to-day celebrating three great events—the pilgrimage to Medina, the opening of the sacred railway, and

the first constitutional anniversary of the Khalif of Islam. The Prophet did not permit the railway to reach the Holy City before the Khalif had granted a Constitution to his people." It was after the line had been inaugurated that the special mission visited the electric plant, which has been installed to supply electric light to the mosque that contains the tomb of the Prophet. Later in the day, the events of the hour were celebrated still further, in that most modern method, by the letting off of fireworks, and by illumination. Medina, like Mecca, is forbidden to all but Mahomedans; but the barrier has been broken on two or three occasions. The railway is by no means the only modern thing that has reached the sacred city. Electricity, too, has come to it, as we have already noted, and has invaded even the tomb of Mahomed. In the mosque in which the tomb has its place the lights are hidden in many strange shades, including some of ostrich-eggs, and others of Venetian and Bohemian glass.



THE AVENUE DE LA GARE, MEDINA.



1. THE SPECIAL "INAUGURATION TRAIN," TAKING UP WATER AT BE AÏRA, BETWEEN EL OULA AND MEDINA.

2. CAMELS DRINKING FROM THE TANKS OF WATER FOR THE ENGINES OF THE HEDJAZ RAILWAY.

3. VERY UP-TO-DATE: THE STATION-ROAD, MEDINA.

4. MEDINA STATION UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

5. THE "INAUGURATION TRAIN" STEAMING INTO MEDINA.

The line was inaugurated on the day following the anniversary of the accession of the Sultan of Turkey. The scheme originated in the brain of Izzet Pasha, the Sultan's late Second Secretary and Chamberlain, now a refugee. Dealing with the affair in a leader the other day, the "Times" pointed out that Abdul Hamid's keen support has been due probably to more than one motive of self-interest. "He saw from the outset that the making of the line would strengthen the position he claims for himself as the spiritual head of Islam; and he perceived, perhaps even more acutely, that the railway will have a very great strategic value, when it is linked up with the Anatolian system. It lies very near the flank of Egypt, and it affords a rapid means for the transport of troops towards those provinces of Arabia which have never been properly subjugated by Turkey."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERVAIS COURTELEMONT.]



# THE SACRED RAILWAY TO A HOLY CITY: THE INAUGURATION OF THE LINE TO MEDINA.



THE OPENING OF THE SACRED RAILWAY: MUKHTAR BEY MAKING THE SPEECH IN WHICH HE EXPRESSED HIS HOPE THAT THE LINE WOULD BE CONTINUED TO MECCA.

The Hedjaz Railway, which was inaugurated at the Holy City of Medina on the first of last month, is in many ways a remarkable enterprise. The money for it was subscribed by followers of Islam in all parts of the world. It links Damascus to Medina, which is second in sanctity only to Mecca, and it is more than probable that it will be extended to Mecca itself. The building of it was regarded as sacred work, and those connected with it, from the highest official to the least of the labourers, regarded their efforts as made on behalf of their religion. None but Mahomedans may enter Medina.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY M. GERVAIS-COURTELLEMONT.]



## LITERATURE

## WESTWARD-HO



DUMOURIEZ.

The Frontispiece of "Dumouriez and the Defence of England against Napoleon," just published by John Lane.

## Bonaparte and the Consulate.

Messrs. Methuen have done good service to English readers

by publishing "Bonaparte and the Consulate," which is Dr. Fortescue's admirable translation of the "Mémoires sur le Consulat, par un Ancien Conseiller d'Etat"—i.e., by Thibaudeau. The memoirs were first printed in 1827, and the biographers of Napoleon have not failed to draw upon them freely, though not always with acknowledgment or at first hand. Thibaudeau, Second Consul, had an unequalled opportunity for the observation of Bonaparte from 1801 to 1804, when his understanding of men and his marvellous energy were in their prime. The Emperor's portrait is incomplete without the introductory picture of the First Consul. The difference between the two is marked: the resemblance is closest in their mutual failings. The later Napoleon was an autocrat tormented by insane ambition, fretted in body and spirit by the fever of his dream; the Consul on his election was ambitious too, but with it a sober thinker, whose brain obeyed his clear judgment. Thibaudeau's notes support the contention that genius is not single, but many-sided ability. Yet the flaws were visible, for he quotes Mme. Bonaparte as replying to her husband's demand to be told his defects: "I know only two, weakness and indiscretion; you allow yourself to be influenced by people whose only wish is for your downfall, and you are so fond of argument that you let your secret thoughts escape you." The conversations on the Civil Code are, on the other hand, full of evidences of Napoleonic penetration. The First Consul triumphed over post-revolution suspicion and disorder, at a period when, it may be postulated, the Emperor would have failed. This is the record of his success, and it makes a profoundly interesting book.

"The Child of Chance." M. Formont has built his romance of "The Child of Chance" (Lane) round an ideal figure of maternity. It is a serious book: one cannot suppose that the author intends it to be taken lightly or that he is not convinced of his own sincerity. His noble woman, Marie-Cécile, is physically flawless and mentally courageous, with the greater courage that springs from a natural timidity

overcome by strength of will. She is devoured by the desire for motherhood, and she pawns her future deliberately for its satisfaction. She suffers, but she does not regret; she is a mother before everything. M. Formont, with the true Frenchman's reverence for the maternal office, exalts her prepossession. At the risk of being thought philistine, we must say that this ecstasy of admiration does not strike us as being justified by Marie-Cécile's mental condition. To begin with, M. Formont starts with a false premise. Maternity is not, or at least should not be, the sole aim and object of an intelligent young woman's life. If it is, it becomes indistinguishable from selfishness. Marie-Cécile, sooner than go childless, took a leap into the dark which might easily have been calamitous for the son whose existence she so deeply desired. She was

considers her attitude sublime; to us it looks much more like the fruit of a morbid obsession, and it is certainly opposed to all the theories of natural selection. No; the clever special-pleading of "A Child of Chance" leaves us cold. A woman's life ought to be—and, fortunately, as a general rule it is—a great deal better balanced than his heroine's. It is not cowardice that makes it so, but a due sense of responsibility. Still, as a psychological study, the book is well worth reading.

We wonder how Natal will take Mr. Douglas Blackburn's "Leaven" (Alston Rivers). It is neither more nor less than a damning indictment of the South African colonist's treatment of the Zulu. It is a piteous tale, as "Trooper Peter Halket" was piteous, but it is more impressive than that emotional work—not because there is more genius in it, but just because there is less. It describes with the moderate language of a man trained to observation by his occupation as well as his sympathy the tragedy of the Kaffir, the "child with the vices of a man," and the equal tragedy of the man of English birth who allows his white skin to stand for the symbol of oppression, fraud, and brutal contempt. The Kaffir's future looms dimly enough—what good thing can come from such a servitude as this?—but the white man's is no whit less sinister. It is a truism to say there is nobody upon whom injustice and cruelty average themselves more surely than upon the man who practises them; and Mr. Blackburn directly charges the colonist, and the English colonist especially, with these malpractices. Nominally, by his testimony, the law respects the black man; actually, he is at the mercy of any white man's caprice; and what those caprices may be, in a country which is described as exacerbating European nerves by a peculiar depression of exile, "Leaven" shows with an appalling candour. It is sure to arouse controversy: sure, too, to command admiration for its vigour and trenchant criticism. It is not for us to say whether it is, or is not, true to the life; but we cannot help admitting that it impressed us with its sincerity. If it is true, it ranks



2. MARIE ANNE DE MAILLY-NESE, DUCHESSE DE CHÂTEAUXROUX.—After Nattier.



4. LOLA MONTEZ, After Steiner.—[Photograph by Hainstangl.]



3. THE DUCHESSE DE POLIGNAC, From the Painting by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.



5. ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH, DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.



6. CATHERINE II., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, After Schebanoff.



7. EHRENGARD MELUSINA VON DER SCHULENBURG, DUCHESS OF KENDAL, From the portrait in possession of Count Werner von der Schulenburg.

THE "SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS" DEALT WITH IN MR. W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE'S BOOK OF THAT NAME, JUST PUBLISHED BY MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publisher.

incredibly reckless in her choice of a father for her offspring; she satisfied the maternal instinct, but it was at the expense of reason. M. Formont

beside Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life" as a record of a dark page of the Imperial history.



# THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF MEDINA THAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY A EUROPEAN.



1. THE COURTYARD OF THE FAMOUS MOSQUE THAT CONTAINS MAHOMED'S TOMB.

2. THE SOUTH WALL OF THE MOSQUE THAT CONTAINS THE PROPHET'S TOMB, TOWARDS WHICH THE FAITHFUL TURN TO PRAY.

3. THE MIR-HAB BEFORE WHICH MAHOMED PRAYED.

4. THE CHIEF GATE OF THE MOSQUE OF THE PROPHET'S TOMB.

5. THE INAUGURATION OF THE RAILWAY TO MEDINA: A DECORATED STATION IN THE DESERT.

Medina is sacred to the Mahomedan, for it was to Medina that Mahomed went after the flight from Mecca, and there he died, and was buried. Those not of the faith are forbidden to enter it; but the ban has been broken on several occasions, notably by Burekhardt, in 1811, and by Sir Richard Burton in 1852.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. GERVAIS-COURTELLEMONTE.]





MR. LIONEL GLENISTER, WHO IS TOURING WITH HIS OWN COMPANY IN "JACK STRAW."

It is the poet's word that counts; the draughtsman's line, however skillful, cannot encompass its exact and inapprehensible power. But as the excuse for Mr.

Photo. L. Carwall-Smith.  
AUTHOR OF "BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT," AT THE NEW THEATRE: MR. ROY HORNIMAN.

## ART NOTES.

MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM'S drawings illustrating "A Midsummer Night's Dream" open the busy season at the Leicester Galleries. There is no need to say that they are charming, Mr. Rackham having before now proved the attractions of his pen and brush. He has established himself as one of the most accomplished draughtsmen of his time, and this in so short a period that his case is something akin to a record. It is a case that should be particularly encouraging to the young artists, who are frantic or in tears, according to their sex, at the difficulties and discouragements of the black-and-white calling. A few years ago, Mr. Arthur Rackham might himself have been frantic: illustrations bearing his signature and a date of not very long past are so bad that we would refrain from mentioning them were it not



Photo. Kentinger.  
PLAYER OF MISS IRENE VANBRUGH'S PART IN THE FRENCH VERSION OF "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER," MME. MARTHE REGNIER.

Rackham's gay labour, there could not have been a better choice of subject.

In the frankly humorous passages Mr. Rackham might well have come nearer to an exact interpretation of the text. But who shall command humour from any man? Not Shakespeare, even. And Mr. Rackham falls deep into the pit of the grotesque. He is, like the comic actor, too energetic in his effort to be funny. Bottom and his companions need not have been so ridiculously pictured: to try and make us smile at their persons, and particularly at their bare legs, should not have been so much Mr. Rackham's object as to make us smile at the humour that Shakespeare himself discovered in them. E. M.



Photo. Ellis and Huxley.  
THE NEW VERSION OF "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR": MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS EDGAR RAVENSWOOD IN "THE LAST HEIR," AT THE ADELPHI.

for the cheerfulness, to the struggler, to be found in their contemplation. May it not be that many of the illustrators of the day, whose work is stiff, ungainly, and ill-conditioned, could learn the freedom, gaiety, and assurance of Mr. Arthur Rackham if he did but proclaim his secret? Was it whispered to him by one of his own good fairies, or was it sheer hard work? The most reasonable explanation would be that his secret was merely his own natural talent, were it not that for some time he did work equal, in commonplace, to the most lowly.

The drawings at the Leicester Galleries are delightful in themselves rather than delightful in their relation to Shakespeare's comedy. It is enough that "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has been the occasion for such fantastic and ingenious enterprise. Having received a finality of pleasure from the play and the poetry, it were useless to suppose that we could add to it by the right of any drawings. Who needs or wishes literal illustration of

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

or

A mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song—etc.?



Photo. Sandau.  
DIRECTOR OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE IN BERLIN: MISS META ILLING.

## MUSIC.

ONLY a musician whose range of accomplishment is unusually wide would undertake to present a programme of such magnitude as Mme. Carreño fulfilled on Saturday last. Her achievement was the more remarkable, in that, apart from the enormous technical difficulties associated with the majority of the pieces—difficulties that demanded the player's sustained effort—the weather was altogether unfavourable to great exertion. Mme. Carreño is probably the most masculine of all the women pianists at present before us to-day, and no small part of the public appreciation is founded upon the keen public liking for playing that emphasises all difficulties it overcomes. Brilliance is of the first importance to the ears of a large number of concert-goers, perhaps because it is one of the most obvious of all



Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.  
"THE EARLY WORM," AT WYNDHAM'S: MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS ALLAN MARCHMONT AS HE APPEARS AFTER HIS GREAT DIVE.

qualities, and can be recognised at once. Mme. Carreño is nothing if not brilliant, but her playing has many of the other qualities that should make a more enduring claim upon popular regard. On Saturday she elected to sacrifice much to her audience, and her reward was seen in a crowded hall, and heard throughout it. Mme. Carreño is to give another recital at Bechstein's in the next few days.

Miss Marie Hall's violin was "under the weather" at St. James's Hall on Saturday, and the clever young artist was not at her best. Her playing was correct enough, if a few lapses from perfect intonation be overlooked, but nearly all that lies beyond the correct reading of a score appeared to be lacking. The artist seemed ill at ease. Clearly it is not right to attach undue importance to work done under the extraordinary atmospheric conditions of October's opening week. Miss Marie Hall's musical worth has been demonstrated beyond possibility of question, and though she was not in good form on Saturday afternoon, she may be trusted to return to it. For a soloist the new St. James's Hall has some definite attractions, and seems likely to take a place among the popular concert-halls of London.



## HAVILAND'S SERIES OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.



NO. XXII.: MR. H. B. IRVING AS CHARLES I. IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME ORIGINALLY  
PRODUCED BY HENRY IRVING IN 1872.

"Charles I." in which Henry Irving played the White King and gave one of his most successful character-studies, is by W. G. Wills, and was produced at the Lyceum on September 28, 1872. It is one of the plays Mr. H. B. Irving has in his repertoire. Mr. Irving is to open his season at the Shaftesbury Theatre on the 15th of this month with a revival of "The Lyons Mail."



# MEDAL DAY AT ST. ANDREWS.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ST. ANDREWS.



AFTER THE DRIVE WITH WHICH THE CAPTAIN PLAYS HIMSELF INTO OFFICE: CADDIES SCRAMBLING FOR THE BALL.

On Medal Day at St. Andrews, the captain-elect plays himself into office by driving a ball. As he makes the drive a cannon is fired, and the caddies, who have spread themselves over the links towards the Swilcan Burn, scramble for the ball. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who played himself in the other day, and so came into possession of the silver putter, has described the function as "the nerve-shattering trial of striking that first ball."



## SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE, No. XIV.:  
MR. WILLIAM NAPIER SHAW,  
Director of the Meteorological Office.  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

discuss the question of inheritance in the course of these articles. The battle between two rival schools of biological thought was duly noted. The one school, that of the Neo-Lamarckians, maintains that characters acquired by a parent may be passed on to the offspring. They do not argue that all such characters are inevitably transmitted; that for which they contend is the possibility of such features being handed on. Such an occurrence they interpret and regard as a perfectly natural result of the operation of the laws of heredity. The parental structure, altered by the influence of the environment, habits, and other influences, is capable of transmitting the altered state *in esse* or *in posse* to succeeding generations. Such is the contention of this first school of opinion.

The opposing camp found their belief on the more or less theoretical doctrines of Weismann. They accept, what is by no means to be accepted as a biological truism, his view that the living matter in an animal's body is divided into the body-plasm, or that proper to the frame at large, and the germ-plasm, this last being the living matter set apart specially for the reproduction of the race. They further accept, what again is a much more debatable question, Weismann's *ipse dixit* that whatever affects the body-plasm can have no influence on the germ-stuff. This view is expressed notwithstanding, as has been persistently pointed out by the other side, that both varieties of living matter are nourished by the same blood, and that, according to all reasonable biological expectation, the germ-plasm is liable to be influenced materially in its nutrition, and will therefore suffer or flourish accordingly. The germ-plasm, in this latter view, is not physiologically outside the body any more than it is anatomically distinct from the frame of which it forms part, and this appears only a reasonable supposition, while it is not left unsupported by scientific fact.

In the *Contemporary Review* for September, Professor Marcus Hartog administers a much needed and effective castigation to those biologists who pin their faith to the somewhat airy structure Weismann has constructed, and on which he and his followers are accustomed to superimpose equally ethereal and purely theoretical additions as the requirements of fact demand. It is a very easy matter to found a theory, and to make new hypotheses whenever occasion requires; such a proceeding, however, partaking simply of the process of fitting nature into theoretical pigeon-holes, without any due regard to the relationship of one receptacle to another. For example, Weismann formulates a theory of the atoms

SCIENCE JOTTINGS  
MORE ABOUT INHERITANCE.

SOME time ago it fell to my lot to

and sub-atoms he conceives to be represented in the germ. He lays down the law dogmatically with regard to the behaviour of these atoms in the work of perpetuating characters. The germ-plasm behaves not according to nature, but according to Weismann, and one is tempted to say so much, because his adherents appear to have grown accustomed to prepare themselves the pathways they think nature should follow.

Professor Hartog's protest against such a mode of interpreting nature is both timely and vigorous. He does not, however, limit his criticism to protest merely. He has culled facts and drawn reasonable deductions from them such as are well within the scope of sound

biological reasoning. Take the case of the two Alpine salamanders. The spotted species lives in damp places.

It lays numerous eggs, out of which come tadpoles, provided with gills, like those of the frog, for their water-life, and getting rid of the gills when the lungs develop and a land existence follows. The black salamander is more essentially a land-liver from the first. Two eggs only develop out of all that are produced, and the two young shed their gills while still within the maternal body, and appear on the stage of active life as land-livers. In them the tadpole and water-living stage has been abbreviated and modified almost to extinction.

Now, if the surroundings of these two species be altered, the young of the one limited to land, and the young of the other to water, they will exchange habits. The spotted species will bring forth two young only, ready for land life, and the black species will produce tadpoles fitted for a temporary aquatic existence. More: if the young of the exchanged type be brought up under their natural conditions, the offspring are born, not in the normal way of their respective species, says Professor Hartog, "but in the *changed* method that had been forced on their mothers." The change is a nutritive one, it should be remarked, and if the germ-plasm were therefore independent of the body-plasm, which owns it, as Weismann declares, the results chronicled should not be possible of attainment. Professor Hartog naturally wonders "what new subsidiary hypothesis will be spun to include this apparently glaring anomaly within the all-embracing net of Weismannism."

Again, cereals from seeds grown in Central Europe ripen earlier and earlier when cultivated nearer the Arctic Circle. If such seeds, produced after a lapse of a year or two, be grown in Central Europe, they will ripen even twenty-five days earlier than seeds raised in succession in their original area. Why, inquires Professor Hartog, should the effect on the germ-cells of the seed be the same that has been so beneficial to the plant itself? Clearly, the environment has affected both body-plasm and germ-plasm, and it is not outside the scope of the argument to assume that it is the altered habitat which has wrought out the change on the body-substance, and through it affected the reproductive energies of the plants. After all, there must be taken into account a reasonable probability in all biological questions, a probability which is founded on the facts which life exhibits. It is, to say the least, much more reasonable, having regard to the experience of naturalists, to assume that environment means much in the history of a living being, and that changes induced thereby should not be without effect on the offspring.

ANDREW WILSON.



THE EARL OF DEVON, IN HIS OWN HOME.



GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE, No. XV.:  
MR. HARRY ARBUTHNOT ACWORTH,  
Who established the Matunga Leper Asylum.  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



SEEN ALIVE IN ENGLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE BIRD-OF-PARADISE  
(PARADISORNIS RUDOLPHI).

For the first time a live specimen of the *Paradisornis Rudolphi*, that most beautiful Blue Bird-of-Paradise, has been brought to England. The bird is extremely rare even in its native wilds, and very few skins have reached Europe. It was first discovered by Carl Hunstein, a German gold-pro prospector, and it was named after the well-known ornithological scientist, the late Crown Prince of Austria. By the great enterprise of the directors of the London Zoological Society, who fitted out an expedition, the chief object of which was to obtain specimens of this wonderful species, one male bird in beautiful plumage has been brought alive to London, and has been placed in the aviaries of the gardens in Regent's Park. The illustration here given is reproduced by permission from Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's "Monograph of the *Paradisidae*," published by Henry Sotheran. It was not, of course, made from life.





COSTLY PASSENGERS ON A SIXTEEN-THOUSAND-MILE JOURNEY: NATIVE CARRIERS AND THEIR PRECIOUS BURDEN OF BIRDS-OF-PARADISE.

It is curious to note that only during the last few years has any marked success attended the efforts of the ornithologist to bring to England live specimens of the birds-of-paradise, the plumes of which are so well known to milliners and fashionable women. In fact, until the last decade only about a dozen birds reached Europe alive. Now, thanks to the enterprise of the directors of the Royal Zoological Society, and to the kind co-operation of Sir William Ingram, who has done so much to discover

the best food for birds-of-paradise, and the best methods of keeping them alive on their journeys, a splendid collection of thirty of the better-known species of the bird-of-paradise may now be seen at the Zoological Gardens by all who care to visit it, and they will assuredly be many. It is good news to learn that to this collection has now been added that rare Blue Bird-of-Paradise, *Paradisornis Rudolphi*.

*See Description and Illustration of Paradisornis Rudolphi on our "Science" Page.*



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S



MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER,  
Whose new novel, "Miss Fallowfield's Fortune," is announced  
for publication.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry

## ANDREW LANG ON A

IN the late Professor Child's monumental edition of English and Scottish Popular Ballads are 305 separate items, not to speak of various forms of each. It would not be easy to discover even one more popular story in verse, of really old date; indeed, it would be easier to forge a few samples, wherein I have not been slack. But in these scientific days, even if one could produce a forged ballad with the internal evidence beyond suspicion, antiquaries would ask for the external evidence. "Where did you pick it up? Who recited it to you?" And the forger, even if ready to "lie like a bulletin," would not find other people ready to perjure themselves in favour of his forgery. He could not bring forward respectable witnesses to swear that they had heard the ballad chaunted by their grandmothers.

Mr. Frank Sidgwick, however, has been fortunate enough to discover, and he publishes in *Folk-Lore* (Vol. XIX., No. 2, pp. 190, 190-200) a hitherto unknown ballad, or rather carol, extremely curious. It is undeniably genuine, being known to old people in several counties, and it is certainly older than the success of the Reformation. Protestants never made colloquial, not to say excessively irreverend ballads about Our Lord and Our Lady. Now Mr. Sidgwick's ballad, "The Bitter Withy," is so irreverend that I do not propose to quote the most amazing verses, yet I do not believe, as certain other critics do, that the people among whom the ballad was made had any profane intentions. They seem to me to have been quite innocent and well-meaning, though wondrous ill-instructed in their religion. The ballad appears to



"RITA" (MRS. W. DESMOND HUMPHREYS).  
Whose new novel, "Betty Brent's Typist," has just been  
published.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

## NEWLY-DISCOVERED BALLAD.

Gospels of the Infancy. Three boys, of high birth,  
refuse to play with the Divine child. He

Builds a bridge with the beams of the sun,  
And over the water crossed He.  
These rich young lords followed after Him,  
And drowned they were, all three.

For this He is beaten with "the bitter withy," and leaves his malison on the willow, which is unlucky itself, and a cause of ill-luck in others. There was no profane intention in the makers of the myth, and of the ballad; the whole thing is a survival from a more ancient frame of mind.

Why the rich young lords are called "Three Jolly Jordens" or "jordans," or "jardens" is a puzzle. Jardines or Gordons cannot be meant, in Shropshire and Herefordshire, where the ballad, or carol, is popular, for these are clan names in the South-West of Scotland. One form of the ballad was—

And over the Jordan went he;

and the River Jordan's name may have got confused with the name of the "three young lords."

In writing lately about a story by "Rita" (Mrs. Humphreys), called "The Jesters," I said that I did not know whether any such Cornish hotel as that described, with its "Round Table" were in existence. Mrs. Humphreys kindly informs me that it is *in rerum natura*, and that the hall with the Table Round suggested her novel, or at least its framework. The idea was not, of course, presented to her from without, as by the enterprising American hotel-proprietor to Sir Walter Scott.



## BIRDS THAT ACT AS SERVANTS TO CROCODILES: CROCODILE-BIRDS.

A friendly agreement appears to exist between the birds and the crocodiles. As the latter lie upon the sand-banks of the Nile the birds pick leeches from their mouths, and also fragments of food, at times actually venturing inside the crocodile's jaws for the purpose. Two species are said to render this service, and both are shown in the illustration. The bird on the right in the foreground is the black-headed plover; that on the left is the Egyptian spur-winged plover.

From "The Romance of Bird Life," published by Messrs. Seeley.

me to have arisen thus: In Herefordshire there is a superstition that a growing animal, or child, if struck with a "sally twig," or slip of willow—"a withy"—will cease to grow. It would be desirable to know whether this senseless belief is found in other rural districts. Probably it is older than the conversion of England, whatever its origin may be. In that case the popular fancy, asking why a stroke with a "sally twig" produced such evil results, explained it thus: Our Lord, in childhood, was punished with three strokes of a "sally twig"—"the bitter withy"—and left a malison on the willow-tree—

The withy shall be the very first tree  
That shall perish at the heart.

This bad luck the willow, in the Herefordshire superstition, transfers to the person who is smitten with a willow-twigg.

The process of birth of the fable, if I am right, is the usual process in savage and heathen religions. Many things were once something that they now are not, but have been metamorphosed into their actual condition by the agency of some superior power—a god or hero. After the conversion of England, our Lord or one of the Saints is substituted, in the popular story or ballad, for the older power—Thor, perhaps, or Woden—with no irreverend intention.

Thus, in Shakespeare, "the owl was a baker's daughter," changed into a bird for refusing charity. The miracle is a popular miracle of the ancient sort, transferred by peasants into the new religion, though quite at variance with the spirit of that creed.

The whole ballad is most curious, and is partly in the manner of the Apocryphal



## THE PLAYHOUSE OF A GARDENER BOWER-BIRD.

These birds build a beautiful domed hut round a small tree or shrub, which they interlace with twigs. At the foot of the tree, inside the hut, they construct a bank of moss and decorate it with flowers. In this pavilion they spend many hours at play.

From "The Romance of Bird Life," published by Messrs. Seeley.



## BROWN PELICANS AT HOME ON THEIR OWN ISLAND.

Pelican Island, which is off the east coast of Florida, has been set apart by the American Government for these birds, which are protected with the greatest care. So many pelicans have set up house on the island that all the mangrove trees have been killed.

Stereo Copyright by Underwood and Underwood; from "The Romance of Bird Life," published by Messrs. Seeley.



## SVEN HEDIN, ALIAS "HAJI BABA."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHERL.



DR. SVEN HEDIN, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM UNKNOWN TIBET:  
A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT.

Dr. Sven Hedin's second journey of exploration in Tibet is likely to prove of the greatest value. So much material has the Doctor collected, indeed, that he has stated that it will be three or four years before he has worked up all the information he has gained regarding tracts hitherto unknown to Europeans. During a considerable part of his journey the explorer went disguised as a common Ladakhi, his hands and face darkened with paint. When strangers were met he drove the baggage animals and sheep, as the inferior servant of the apparent head of the caravan, and was known as "Haji Baba." On several occasions the real business of the party was suspected by the Tibetans, and the Doctor had several narrow escapes.



# THE CITY THAT IS NOW A BLACK GRAVE: HYDERABAD.

SCENES IN THE CITY IN WHICH 50,000 HAVE PERISHED BY FLOOD.



1. A TYPICAL NATIVE OF HYDERABAD: A COLLECTOR OF PALM WINE.
2. THE AFZAL BRIDGE, THE LINK BETWEEN THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AND HYDERABAD, OVER WHICH THE WATER ROSE; AND THE MUSI RIVER, WHICH OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS.
3. RULER OF THE FLOODED CITY: THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.
4. THE AFZAL BRIDGE, THE WAY FROM THE CITY OF HYDERABAD TO THE AREA UNDER THE BRITISH RESIDENT'S JURISDICTION, WHICH SUFFERED MOST.
5. THE PURANA PUL, OR "OLD BRIDGE," THE CONNECTION BETWEEN HYDERABAD AND THE KAWAN ROAD TO GOLCONDA.
6. THE PURANA PUL; AND, ON THE RIGHT, THE TOMB OF A WEALTHY HYDERABAD NOBLEMAN.

The latest reports make the Hyderabad floods even more terrible than did the earlier telegrams, and it is now said that fifty thousand people have perished. The city, indeed, has been described as a black grave, and the bazars are a mass of evil-smelling mud and stone, and dead bodies. The exceptional rain-fall caused the river Musi to overflow its banks, to flood the Residency, and to overwhelm the district that is under the control of the British Resident, and other parts of the city. The Nizam was to have left for his country residence, but the water was swirling over the bridges, and he was kept prisoner in his Palace.—[PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SCHREIBER.]



## OLD HEIDELBERG OUTLINED IN FIRE.



"THE PRETTIEST TOWN IN ALL GERMANY" ON A GALA NIGHT: HEIDELBERG CASTLE AND THE RIVER ILLUMINATED.

Famous old Heidelberg, which claims to be the prettiest town in all Germany, is illuminated periodically in the manner here shown, and it was arranged that such a gala night should take place yesterday (Friday).



# WITH FIXED BAYONETS AND COLOURS FLYING IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU



## EXERCISING A REMARKABLE PRIVILEGE: THE 3RD GRENADIER GUARDS MARCHING PAST THE MANSION HOUSE.

The 3rd Grenadier Guards share with the Royal Marines, the Royal Fusiliers, the "Buffs," and the Honourable Artillery Company the privilege of being able to enter the City of London at any time with colours flying and with fixed bayonets. All other regiments marching through the City in the same manner must obtain the permission of the Lord Mayor. In the case of the Grenadier Guards, the privilege dates from the time of Charles II. and was granted in recognition of the fact that certain of the original companies were recruited from the old trained bands. The Lord Mayor, in full robes, witnessed the march-past the other day from the Mansion House. The regiment was on its way to the Tower, where it is on garrison duty.



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## LADIES' PAGE.

THE question of the matinée hat has been raised in an acute form at the Garrick by a gentleman who loudly and persistently refused either to sit behind two ladies wearing fashionably monstrous erections of feathers and ribbon that effectually blocked the stage from his view, or to move to another place, and so compelled the management to come to the rescue and invite the offending chapeaux with their wearers to occupy a box. The right of every person who pays for a seat to obtain an uninterrupted view of the stage is obvious enough; and few women, in fact, are so selfish and stupid as to go to the theatre in big hats which they refuse to remove. Most ladies either wear small toques or remove their hats at matinées, without waiting to be asked; and if one turns at an evening performance and glances at the democratic pit, where there is no obligation enforced by the management to have the head uncovered, it will be found that nevertheless practically every hat is off. If the managers made a rule, therefore, that all hats must be removed, it would be a very small minority of women who would be affected by the compulsion. But there really is something to be said on the other side of the subject. The hair needs special dressing to be fully shown: and then it is very disagreeable to sit for two or three hours nursing a hat, especially as the seats in a theatre are rather too high for the average woman's comfort, and prevent her from "making a lap" with ease; while to leave the precious headgear in the cloak-room means not only an excessive charge levied by the management, but also risk to its treasured trimmings and delay and crushing in reclaiming it. Would it not be possible for light receptacles to be affixed underneath each seat, into which a lady's hat could be slipped during the performance?

To study the very latest effects in fashionable gowns hie to Drury Lane! The modern Directoire is abundantly represented. A very notable frock is "Lily de Mario's" clinging leaf-green satin, with a wide, high sash, the ends falling over the skirt from each hip and caught together low down at one side; the sleeves are as tight-fitting as possible, and made of rucked net, of which also is the little chemisette that appears between the bretelles of filet net, embroidered in emerald green, which form wide epaulettes on the top of the arms. Charming is the gown worn by Miss Eva Moore; it is of the palest brown satin, draped over with cream chiffon, and finished with a wide scarf of the brown satin under the bust, embroidered in corn-coloured soutache, long ends edged with fringe falling down the back. The wide hat is lined with the same pale-brown satin and trimmed with a profusion of golden-coloured ostrich tips set all round the crown. Fringe appears very largely, and its graceful swaying effect, as the wearers of the gowns so trimmed move about, is appreciated by feminine critics.

A good example is the moonlight-blue satin charm-euse gown worn by graceful Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis.



A GRACEFUL AT-HOME DRESS.

Soft satin, the sheath skirt fitting closely, and trimmed with buttons of the same colour. Vest of embroidery with guimpe, and sleeves of tucked net.

It has a Princess-cut tunic, draped up on one hip and trimmed all round with wide blue fringe; the short corsage portion consists chiefly of a wide folded fichu edged with the same fringe, and opening over a tiny vest at the throat in tucked blue net with lines of gold. Another of her gowns is an excellent black-and-white; crêpe-de-Chine forms the clinging white dress, Princess in build, cut away at the throat to show a three-cornered vest of white net; all up the front from the feet to the bust passes a wide strap of black filet net embroidered with glittering jet in spray design; this is edged on each side with a wide band of velvet that is finished with fringe near the hem, and goes on at the top over the shoulders and forms bretelles; it would be hard to design a more elegant and suitable gown for an aristocratic matron.

The hats worn with both these gowns are black and white, the first one being very wide, lined with blue under the brim, and trimmed above with two stiffly upstanding ostrich-plumes, while a bandeau of black velvet passes round the hair behind, and allows of bows and falling ends appearing with softening effect behind the ear on the left side. The third costume of this very elegant wearer is equally good—a long Directoire coat of shot black and silver tissue, patterned with lozenge shapes of black velvet, worn over a corselet skirt of dove-grey cashmere, made with a high belt of black velvet, and a little vest of net with diamond buttons. Miss Marie George's hat has been talked of a good deal because it measures seventy-two inches in circumference. It really only brings home to one how immense are the hats that one sees about the street, for it does not look exorbitantly huge. It is of rucked purple net, trimmed with blue and purple ostrich-plumes and pink roses. Miss Eva Moore has several good gowns, but the most distinguished, one that might well be copied by anybody else with an equally well-rounded svelte figure, is a fine black cloth, moulded to the shape, fastening all down the back by a line of large velvet buttons, which begins at the left shoulder and runs slantingly to the right side of the end of the train. The sleeves are equally closely moulded to the arms, and are fastened down the back with black velvet buttons.

It is to be noted how tight all the sleeves are in this display of the latest fashions. In many of the gowns, this part of the garment is made of transparent material, net or filet lace, in harmony with a small vest, just at the throat, of the same light fabric. The tops of the tight sleeves, however, are overhung generally by an epaulette effect, given by the deep cut of the shoulder in the firmer material that builds the frock. A sloping and long shoulder-line is always preserved, whether the sleeve fits directly into the shoulder or whether the wide kimono effect allows the sleeve to seem to come out through it from an under-bodice. The sleeves are exceedingly long, too, often falling far over the hand, cut into a sharp point that extends even beyond the knuckles. Everybody must agree that the gowns of the season, as seen on the Drury Lane stage, are exceptionally graceful and becoming.

FILOMENA.



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**VALVELESS** is the generic term which perhaps, after all, should be applied to the new engine which the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry, have now finally adopted, to the exclusion of all others. At least, this engine is valveless in the sense that it is innocent of the mushroom or poppet valves which, from the earliest effort of Gottlieb Daimler, down to the present day, have been a distinguishing feature of the internal combustion-engine as it is still applied to the propulsion of motor-cars. In lieu of such valves, two concentric cast-iron liners, each about 3-16th in. thick, are placed within each other and the cylinder, the piston-travel taking place as in an ordinary cylinder within the inner liner or sleeve. These sleeves

have horizontal slots or ports cut in them, which the sleeves, being endowed with a vertical reciprocating movement of about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. in all, register with each other and open to passages, at times suitable for the four cycles of induction, compression, explosion, and exhaust. The sleeves are operated by short connecting-rods from a long shaft, which is itself driven by a short length of Hans Renold silent chain from the crank-shaft. Thus, while a perfectly full charge and complete scavenging of the exhaust products are obtained, the noise of striking tappets and spring-closed valves is done away with.

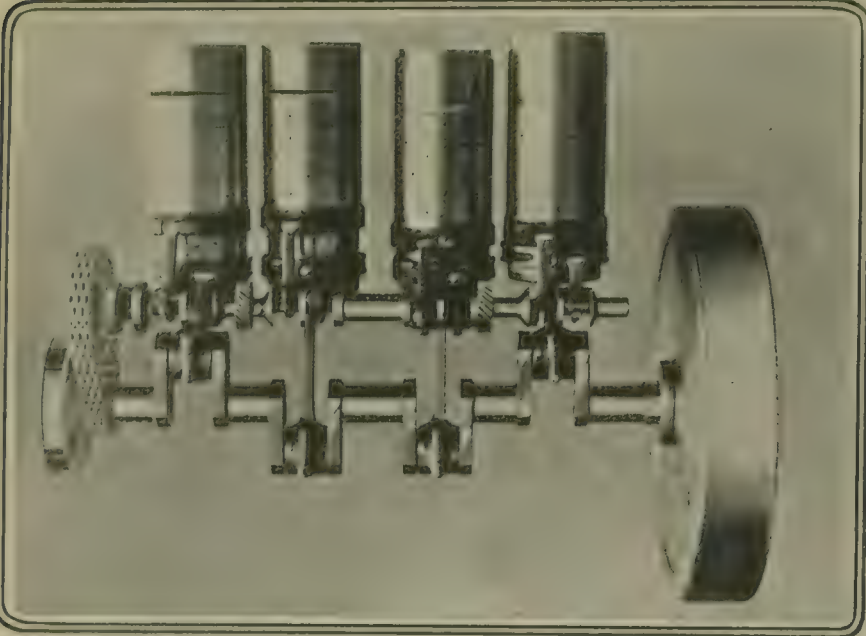
In a speech made at the public presentation of the Tourist Trophy after the race in the Isle of Man, Lord Raglan, the Governor, announced his hope that another race would be organised next year. In so doing his Lordship expressed what I know to be the general feeling of the islanders, for apart altogether from the large sums of money spent in Man in connection with the event, the race is the finest advertisement the island has ever received. Large numbers of people who heretofore have not given the island a thought have now had their attention drawn to it, with the result that sooner or later visits will ensue.

If another contest is held next year, the engine limits will have to be reduced considerably. I am of opinion that the total piston area permissible should not exceed that of a four-cylinder engine, having cylinders of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter, coupled with a minimum chassis weight, although I know there is a certain section of experts who will not coincide in this particular. Whether stroke should be restricted is another matter, although the sporting interest of the event would be immensely enhanced by the dimensional equality of all the cars entered

to compete. That is to say, an equality of stroke-bore and weight which would accentuate superiority of workmanship and design, together with driving skill, which must always enter very largely into the deciding features of a competition like the Four-Inch Race. For instance,

no one who watched the recent race in the Isle of Man would deny that had George sustained his average in the last circuit and won, as he was most confidently expected to do, he would have owed the race to his consummate driving skill, for the difference between the speed of the three leading cars was a bagatelle.

I regret that, in a recent issue, I credited Porporato's Berliet win on the Circuit Bologna to Michelin tyres and rims. Subsequent inquiry has shown that this car really ran on Dunlop tyres, the rear pair of which were carried in Michelin detachable rims, while the tyres of the front wheels were set in rims of the ordinary kind.



THE DAIMLER SILENT KNIGHT ENGINE.

This view shows the cast-iron sleeves or tubes containing the pistons withdrawn from the cylinders, as is the crank-shaft from the crank-chamber. The lay-shaft operating the cast-iron sleeves is seen above the crank-shaft, and is shown driven therefrom by a Hans Renold silent chain. The ports in the concentric sleeves of the two left-hand cylinders are shown registering for induction and exhaust.



THE DAIMLER SILENT KNIGHT ENGINE.

This end view of the engine shows the absence of valve-chambers, valve-spindles, springs, valve and tappet guides; also the detachable head forming the dome of the explosion-chamber, the removal of which is only a matter of a few minutes, permitting the easiest cleaning, or the withdrawal of pistons and connecting-rods without dismantling the cylinders.

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## HOW TO GUARD AGAINST INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

### A NEW SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT.

Dr. Andrew Wilson's latest contribution to the literature of science places us in possession of all the facts concerning a discovery of extraordinary medical value. For years past physicians have demanded of chemical science some means of superseding the gargle—that clumsy, unpleasant and inefficient method of destroying germs in the mouth, throat and pharynx. "That which science has searched for," says Dr. Andrew Wilson, "is a substance which in the first place shall destroy microbes. In the second place, which shall exert no injurious effect, either in the mouth itself or on the body at large. In the third place, it must be presented so that it can be used at any time without trouble or inconvenience." A substance possessing all these qualities is now sold by every chemist under the name of "Formamint Wulfig."

The extraordinary interest in this discovery to the general public lies in the fact that in evolving the means of filling the place of what will henceforward be the unnecessary gargle, science has given to the world a substance harmless to the body, yet powerful as a destroyer of the germs of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other zymotic ailments, and indeed almost all diseases which

arise from microbes inhaled into and developed in the mouth.

The vast importance of the discovery of such a medicament is apparent when we reflect upon Dr. Andrew Wilson's assertion that "few people appreciate the fact that, as the gateway of the body, the mouth is perpetually receiving microbes, not merely from the air we breathe and the food we consume, but also from the water we drink. It is not suggested that all microbes are disease-producing, but a certain proportion fall to be ranked as our microscopic enemies, which, under certain conditions, are capable of afflicting us with serious diseases. The heat of the mouth converts the mouth-cavity into a kind of bodily hot-house, of a kind very favourable to the development of germ-growth. . . . It needs no argument to show that a septic condition of the mouth is liable to infect the food which is consumed, and so to produce digestive disturbances of a serious character."

Now Dr. Andrew Wilson is no idle alarmist. His description of the mouth as a hot-house for germ-growth is obviously introduced only that we may the more clearly understand and appreciate the importance and value of this substance, which, he tells us, "science has recently succeeded in producing, and which is capable of acting as a highly efficient mouth-disinfectant, and as a destroyer of all kinds of microbes with which it comes in contact." He describes Formamint as presented in the form of a tablet, which by being allowed to dissolve in the mouth is so pleasant a medicament that children, and indeed all patients, actually enjoy it as a "sweet"—

a matter of supreme importance in the treatment of children's diseases—while it is routing disease.

That the medical profession has welcomed this internal germ-destroyer with acclamation is not surprising, particularly when we learn that they have discovered that a Formamint tablet dissolved in the mouth is, to nurses and doctors, a powerful preventive of infection from their patients. In this respect they have found Formamint invaluable as a protection against influenza, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and all other kinds of fever.

In general use, the tablets, conveniently packed in small bottles, which can be carried in the pocket, are a pleasant and effective remedy for "clergyman's sore throat," smoker's mouth-inflammation, and the throat-affections to which singers and speakers are subject. Further, it is an unequalled means of preserving the teeth and sweetening the breath. These latter uses of Formamint follow as a consequence of its excellence in counteracting germ-diseases.

In face of the public benefit of so important a medicament becoming widely known, the publishers of Dr. Andrew Wilson's work, in which it is fully described, have instructions to distribute a first large edition of the work by post, free of cost, to all who feel sufficient interest in the subject to write to them for a copy. A note, mentioning "The Illustrated London News," addressed to F. Williams and Co., 24, Alfred Place, London, W.C., will insure a copy by return of post.

"Formamint Wulfig," by the way, may be obtained from all chemists in bottles at 1s. 11d.

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## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SPENCER CRACKENTHORPE (Manby, New South Wales).—We are much indebted for your very interesting letter, and fully appreciate your comments. We hope to see your countrymen, but in this column our interests are limited to the chess side of Colonial sport, of which we are always glad to see examples.

SHADPOETH.—We regret your name appears on our list of regular solvers for the last time. For over fifty years you have been one of our most valued correspondents, an admirable critic, and a first-class solver.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3355 received from Amarnatti Bhattacharyya (Santipur, India) and F. R. Feltham (Trinidad); of No. 3356 from C. Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.) and F. R. Feltham; of No. 3357 from C. Field, J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), Eugene Henry, Mrs. Kelly (Lymington), and R. H. Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.); of No. 3358 from A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Albert Wolff (Putney), J. K. (Glasgow), and F. J. (Madrid); of No. 3359 from J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Dr. J. C. Symmet (Berlin), A. W. Hamilton Gell, Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), T. Roberts (Hackney), B. M. Messenger, C. D. Turner (Ipswich), J. K. M. Lupton, Eugene Henry, T. Wetherall (Manchester), Albert Wolff, F. R. Hasse (Leeds), and R. A. Ness (Fulham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3360 received from R. Worters (Canterbury), Martin F. G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. Henderson, A. Groves, J. Dixon, Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), W. Ellis, J. D. Tucker, Sorrento, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), F. R. Underhill (Norwich), T. Roberts, R. C. Wildecumbe (Saltash), and J. Coad (Vauxhall).

## CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played in the International Tournament, at Prague, between Messrs. C. SCHLECHTER and J. MIESSES.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Q to Kt 5th	Q takes Q
2. P takes P	Q takes P	19. P takes Q	B to B 4th
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th	20. B to K 3rd	R to Q 4th
4. B to B 4th			

White expressly states that he played irregularly to avoid the possibility of prepared analysis, which the choice of opening suggested.

4. P to Q 3rd  
5. B to Q 2nd  
6. Kt to Kt 5th  
7. Kt takes Kt  
8. Kt to B 3rd  
9. Q to K 2nd  
10. Q to K 2nd

The theoretical objection to this defence, that it leaves Black with a very cramped game, is already borne out. If now, to gain freedom, he plays B to Kt 5, the answer is: B takes P (ch).

11. Castles K R  
12. Kt to K 5th  
13. B to B 4th  
14. B to K Kt 5th  
15. P to Q R 4th

All very characteristic of this great master's style. A careful study will show that every move of Black is forced, with an ever-weakening effect on his game.

15. B takes B  
16. Kt takes B  
17. Q to K 5th

There is nothing better. B takes B only gives White a strong centre, with an open file for his Rook, and B to Kt 3rd serves no purpose at all.

21. B takes B  
22. R takes P  
23. P to Kt 6th  
24. P to Q Kt 4th  
25. P to Kt 5th  
26. Kt to Q 6th (ch)  
27. Kt takes Kt P

The merit of this performance is enhanced by the slender resources of the attack. Black is actually the fighting force of the King to the good, and against only a Rook and Knight.

27. R takes Kt P  
28. Kt to Q 8th (ch)  
29. R to R 8th (ch)  
30. R takes R  
31. P to Kt 3rd  
32. R to K sq  
33. R to Kt sq  
34. R to Kt 4th

White considered this the best game he played in the tournament. It is a beautiful effort, full of subtle points, and with the iron grasp under the velvet glove revealed in every stage of the struggle.

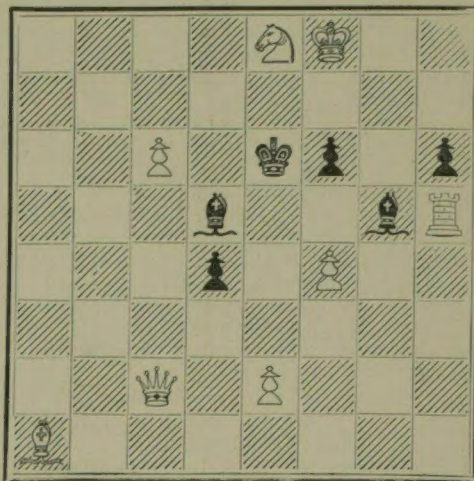
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3359.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE  
1. Q to R sq  
2. Q, R, Kt, or P mates accordingly.

BLACK  
Any move

PROBLEM No. 3362.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The championship match between Messrs. Lasker and Tarrasch has proved another gift for Dr. Lasker, who seems invincible in these contests. His success in this great struggle is remarkable, and leaves him undeniably the foremost living player. Of the sixteen games played, Lasker won eight and Tarrasch three.

The Fifty-sixth Winter Season of the City of London Chess Club will commence on Saturday, Oct. 17, on which date, at 2.45 p.m., Messrs. Jacobs and Lawrence will each play ten boards simultaneously against all comers. The hon. sec., Mr. J. Walter Russell, will be happy to introduce opponents to country members wishing to play games by correspondence.

Those who like the ripe and mellow qualities of a really good spirit should test the virtues of Three Star whisky, which is produced by Messrs. W. Anderson and Co. It is a Scotch whisky, and is meeting with much general approval.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE *Guardian* has expressed regret that the Church Congress programme contains far too small a proportion of laymen. Even the subject "Position of the Laity in Church Work" was to be discussed by three clergymen and only one layman. The explanation, doubtless, is that very few representative laymen can spare the time for regular attendance at Congresses. The Manchester meeting is proving highly successful in point of numbers, and hospitality has been granted to the visitors on a generous scale.

The ecclesiastical art exhibition has been a feature of the Manchester Church Congress which has attracted many visitors. There are interesting specimens of pre-Reformation Church plate, though the examples of this are less numerous than in some other years. The Rev. R. D. Hope, Vicar of Old Hutton, Kendal, sends a chalice dating from the year 1459, which is said to be the only piece of mediæval church plate in the Carlisle diocese. Dr. Sidebotham lends a fine Italian chalice of Italian workmanship and fifteenth-century date. An interesting set of Early Renaissance altar-vessels is shown by the Rev. W. A. Wickham, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wigan.

Sir Robert Hart was the chief speaker at the public missionary meeting of the Baptist Union. He warned his hearers that the supporters of missions must be on their guard in providing against war. "I speak as a Briton to Britons," said Sir Robert Hart, "and I say we must be careful to see that no criminal weakness should tempt any strong foe; so that if we are called upon for the great trial, we may come out on top." Sir Robert Hart, who had a very hearty welcome from the Baptists, said that missions and missionaries had always had a warm corner of his heart.

The Church Missionary Society held very encouraging meetings at the Church House last week. Bishop Cassels delivered an interesting speech on work in China. He said that the doors in China are not now so wide open as they were. "The soil is hardening; it is not now as easy to launch the Gospel boat as it was. The people, weary of waiting for the Church to come to them, and ashamed of making appeals again and again, have in some cases joined the Roman Catholics, and in others have gone back to Buddhism." V.

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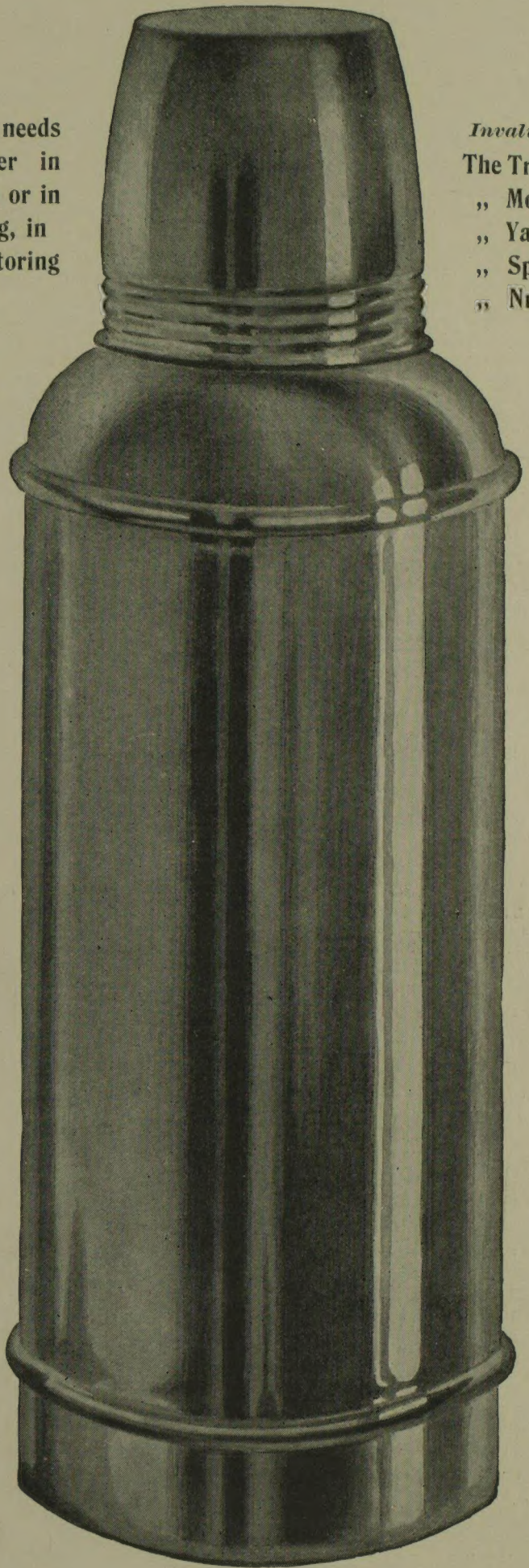
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and two codicils of MR. GODFREY WALKER, of Conisbrough Priory, Yorkshire, who died on July 13, have been proved by his widow, the value of the estate amounting to £108,821. All the property he may receive from his brother Richard Walker he leaves to his wife, in trust, to pay the income therefrom to his said brother for life, and then as he may appoint. In default of appointment, he gives £1000 to Mrs. Mary Crookes; £2000 each to Fanny Smith, Sarah Elizabeth Alderson, Annie W. Alderson, Margaret Day, Charlotte Smith, Alice Crawshaw, Godfrey Crawshaw, Lionel Crawshaw, Robin Crawshaw, Edmund Hobson, Edward Walker, and W. W. Smith, and the remainder to his wife. Subject to a legacy of £2000 to Mrs. Mary Crookes, he gives all his estate and effects to his wife.

The will and codicils of MR. ARTHUR LISTER, Leytonstone, Essex, and Highcliffe, Lyme Regis, a younger brother of Lord Lister, whose death took place on July 19, have been proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £147,130. Mr. Lister gives £8000 to each of his daughters, except Ellen Frances, on whom a like sum was settled on her marriage; £1000 each to his sons; his natural history collection, drawings, and microscopes to his daughter Gulielma; the household effects at both residences and £500 to his wife; and £100 to Ernest Beck. The residue is to be held in trust to pay the income to Mrs. Lister for life, and subject thereto £10,000 is to be held in trust for each daughter, and the ultimate residue divided amongst his sons, Arthur Hugh, William Tindall, and Joseph, the share of his son William Tindall to be less by £4000, the amount covenanted to be paid to the trustees of his marriage settlement.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1905) of MR. GEORGE COOPER, of Oak Villa, Ashton on Mersey, Chester, has been proved by Joseph Cooper, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £288,519. The testator bequeaths £35,000 to his brother Thomas

Cooper; £25,000 to the four children of his brother John; £25,000, in trust, for his sister Mary James and her issue; £25,000 to his sister Anne Yapp; £30,000 to his sister Maria Mason; £10,000 to his brother James Cooper; £1000 to the Salford Royal Infirmary; £5000 to his brother-in-law, William Mason; £5000 to his nephew Richard Oliver Cooper; £1000 each to his sisters-in-law Caroline and Margaret Cooper; £500 to his executor; £3000 to Jane Stevenson; £1000 to Walter Atherton; and £50 a year to James Mead. His manors and lands near Chester and Llanrwst, and the residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his nephews and niece Joseph Cooper, Harold Cooper, George Mason, Reginald Cooper Mason, and Margery Cooper Mason.

The will (dated March 12, 1908) of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM HENRY HIPPISEY, Scots Greys, of Sparsholt Manor House, Berks, who died on June 28, has been proved by Mrs. Florence Hippisley, the widow, John Reginald Hargreaves, and Colonel James Clifton Brown, and the value of the estate sworn at £89,215. The testator gives £200 each to his executors, and directs that during the widowhood of his wife the income of his son is to be made up to £600 a year, and that of his daughter to £300 a year. Colonel Hippisley devises the Sparsholt Manor estate to his wife for life or widowhood, and then, in trust, for his son, Henry Sullivan Hargreaves Hippisley, with remainder to his children as he may appoint; and his Army medals and decorations, the gold cigarette-case presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, the signed portrait given him by the German Emperor, and the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. The residue is to be held, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife while she remains his widow, and then to his son for life, with power of appointment in favour of his issue.

The will of MR. PERCY THOMAS REID, of Mill Hall, Cuckfield, a director of the Prudential Insurance Company, who died on Aug. 24, has been proved by three sons and Alfred Egerton Maynard Taylor, the

gross value of the real and personal estate being £256,956. The testator gives £1000, and during widowhood the use of Mill Hall, and £4000, or £500 per annum should she again marry to his wife; 250 shares in the Prudential Assurance Company, less the number of shares represented by £5000, to his son Stuart Keppel; 250 shares to his daughter Shirley Florence; £100 each to his nephew John Lillington Reid and to his executor, Mr. Taylor; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate is to be divided among his children.

The following important wills have now been proved—

Mr. William Tyler Ricketts, Burchetts, Chailay, Sussex, and King's Cross Road, solicitor . . .	£83,862
Mr. Charles Blyth, 4, Old Palace Terrace, Richmond . . .	£59,943
Mr. Thomas Hartley, Snaith, Yorks . . .	£40,345
Mr. Edwin Laurence Poland, 83, Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, and 110, Queen Victoria Street . . .	£39,118
Mr. William Millar, Roundelwood, Crieff . . .	£35,578
Mr. Robert Mould, Preston Avenue, North Shields . . .	£33,517
Mr. James Henry Howden, 14, Porchester Square, W. . .	£33,168

Cailier's new Chocolate Competition for 1908 is just beginning. There are fourteen liberal cash prizes, ranging from £25 to £2 10s. each; and presents, in the shape of boxes of chocolate, will be given to all those competitors sending in outside wrappers to the value of 5s. The conditions of the competition are extremely simple. Upon the outside wrapper of every packet of Cailier's chocolate the face value is marked. All the competitor has to do is to save those wrappers, tie them together, write his or her name upon the bundle, and send them during the month of December 1908 to Cailier's Competition Offices, 8 and 10, Duke Street, Liverpool. Wrappers sent after Dec. 31, 1908, will not be qualified.

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